And wants not buzzers to infect his eare
With peſtilent ſpeeches of his fathers death,
Wherein neceſſitie of matter beggerd,
Will nothing ſtick our perſon to arraigne
In eare and eare: O my deare *Gertrard*, this
Like to a Murdring-peece in many places
Giues me ſuperfluous death. *A noiſe within.*

Enter a Meſſenger.

King. Attend, where are my Swiſſers, let them guard the doore,
What is the matter?

Meſſen. Saue your ſelfe my Lord.
The Ocean ouer-peering of his liſt,
Eates not the flats with more impetuous haſt
Then young *Laertes* in a riotous head
Ore-beares your Officers: the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquitie forgot, cuſtome not knowne,
The ratifiers and props of euery word,
The cry chooſe we, *Laertes* ſhall be King,
Caps, hands and tongues applau'd it to the clouds,
Laertes ſhall be King, *Laertes* King.

Quee. How cheerfully on the falſe traile they cry. *A noiſe within.*
O this is counter, you falſe Daniſh dogs.

Enter Laertes with others.

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. Where is this King? ſirs ſtand you all without.

All. No lets come in.

Laer. I pray you giue me leaue.

All. We will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you keepe the doore, O thou vile King,
Giue me my father.

Quee. Calmely good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calme proclaimes me Baſtard,
Cries cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot
Euen here between the chaſt vnſmerched brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cauſe *Laertes*
That thy rebellion lookes ſo Giant-like?

Let

Let him goe *Gertrard*, do not feare our perſon,
There's ſuch diuinitie doth hedge a King,
That treaſon cannot peepe to what it would,
Acts little of his will, tell me *Laertes*
Why thou art thus incenſt, let him go *Gertrard*,
Speake man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Quee. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill,

Laer. How came he dead? Ile not be iugled with,
To hell allegiance, vowes to the blackeſt deuil,
Conſcience and grace, to the profoundeſt pit
I dare damnation, to this point I ſtand,
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,
Let come what comes, onely Ile be reueng'd
Moſt throughly for my father.

King. Who ſhall ſtay you?

Laer. My will, not all the worlds:
And for my meanes Ile husband them ſo well,
They ſhall goe farre with little.

King. Good *Laertes*, if you deſire to know the certaintie
Of your deare father, i'ſt writ in your reuenge,
That ſoop-ſtake, you will draw both friend and foe
Winner and looſer.

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'le ope my armes,
And like the kind life-rendering Pelican,
Repaſt them with my bloud.

King. Why now you ſpeake
Like a good child and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltleſſe of your fathers death,
And am moſt ſenſible in griefe for it,
It ſhall as leuell to your iudgement peare
As day does to your eie. *A noyſe within.*

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. Let her come in.
How now what noiſe is that?

O